

THE PINE-TREE.

By H. F. SPOFFORD.

Before your atoms came together,
I was full grown, a tower of strength,
Seen by the sailors out at sea,
With great storms measuring all my length,
Making my melody mysteriously
Companion of the ancient weather.

Yours! Just as much the stars that shiver
When the frost sparkles overhead!
Call yours as soon those voiceless airs
That sing in the clear vaults, and tread
The clouds! Less yours than theirs—
Those fish-hawks swooping round the river!

In the primeval depths, embowering
My broad bosoms with my branching peers,
My gums I spilled in precious drops—
Ay, even in those elder years
The eagle building in my tops,
Along my boughs the panther cowering.

Beneath my shade the red man slapping,
Himself a shadow, stole away;
A paler shadow follows him!
Races may go, or races may stay,
The comes upon my loftiest limb
The winds will many a year be stripping!

And there the hidden day be throwing
His fires, though dark the dead prime be,
Before the birds shake off the dew.
Ah! what songs have been sung to me!
What songs will yet be sung, when you
Are dust upon the four winds blowing!
—Harper's Magazine for March.

LAST OF THE CORANS.

Among the many fair castle-homes of England there could be none fairer or more stately than Coran Castle, Suffolk. There lived Squire Coran, a fine specimen of the olden school—stern, rugged and unbending as one of his own oaks, yet withal genial and kindly. The meaneast peasant on his estate walked brisker when he saw the Squire, and smiled for five minutes after hearing his merry "Fine morning; first-rate weather!"

Nearly forty years had passed since the Squire laid his fair girl-wife in the vault of the Corans; nearly twenty had passed since he had buried by her side the one son of their short wedlock. Yet Coran Castle was not desolate. The "heir," though he had died young, had lived long enough to leave a widow and two orphan babes to his father's care. These orphans were now grown up, and the names of Hugh and Emma resounded through the castle, shouted in the full, cheery voice of the hearty old man. Dearly did he love them both; but Hugh was somewhat wild and wayward, and would sometimes thoughtlessly thwart his grandfather's imperious will. One sore object ever lay between them. The old Squire was a giant in stature and strength. His youth had been signalized by feats of prowess and daring, of which he never weariest to boast. Hugh Coran, on the contrary, had small taste for field sports, and, being small and delicate in frame, constantly took to himself his grandfather's careless scoffs about "lady-men" and "degeneracy."

Not half a mile from Coran Castle was a large tract of heath and moorland, very wild and lonely and at that time infested with highwaymen. It was necessary to cross this district to reach the neighboring village of Wrottel. One day, in the winter time, Hugh Coran had occasion to go to this village. He did not return when expected, and dinner was served without him. Just as it was over he came in, excusing his tardiness by saying that suspicious characters had been seen on the moor, and, therefore, he had waited for companions on his homeward journey.

His mother was about to commend what to her seemed but prudence, when the Squire burst into a storm of invective at Hugh's "cowardice." When had he feared any mortal man, least of all a midnight robber? The moorland offered no shelter for a band of highwaymen, and he took shame that one of his race dreaded encounter with any single foe. Old as he was he would ride over Coran moor alone at midnight and no hand should harm him or touch his purse. He blushed—yes, that was the stinging word—for the last of the Corans of Coran.

In vain did Hugh answer gently that he did not think his courage would fail if put usefully to the proof, though he owned he had but little of the reckless daring of the ancient Corans; but still he thought—his modestly said he thought, for the youth was no braggart—that he would risk his own life to save another's. But the Squire's last words were too much. His blue eyes flashed, he threw down his knife, left his dinner unfinished and his mother and sister in tears.

He did not show himself all that evening. Late at night a messenger came from Wrottel, bearing tidings of the sudden and dangerous illness of an old friend of the Squire's. The man who brought the letter went on with another to a more distant neighbor.

"I shall go at once," said the Squire to Emma and her mother; "I must see him again in life."

"Then Rogers will attend you?" suggested the widow timidly.

No; Latimer Coran was no court popinjay, who could not take care of himself; he was not afraid of the dark—wards were unknown in his young days.

Squire Coran went to his room to prepare for his journey. Boasting never strengthens one's own courage, and he took great care that his pistol was in good order. At another time, notwithstanding the reality of the danger, he would not have taken the pistol; but now he loaded it with deadly precision and laid it carefully in his great-coat pocket.

Emma ran to call her brother to say good-by, but she found his door locked and could get no answer.

"Let him alone," said her grandfather; "let him alone; example is better than precept," and so he rode away.

There was only a cloudy moon, but the stout-hearted traveler knew his road and was little likely to miss his way on the moor as is a street Arab to lose himself in London. His thoughts went before him to his dying friend, and his indignation with Hugh slowly faded from his mind, when, just as a cloud obscured the moon, he heard the snort of a spurred horse, a shadow fell on his path, a hand suddenly caught his bridle and a pistol was pointed at his head.

"Your money or your life!"

The words were spoken quickly, in a disguised but agitated voice. There was just light enough to see that the highwayman was a slightly-built man of no apparent physical force, yet the

Squire remembered his vain boast as he felt how completely he was in the stripping power. There was a moment's silence. The Squire's hand was in his great-coat pocket. Did the robber think he was getting his purse? Did the Squire know he was searching for his pistol?

The highwayman spoke again in the same strange voice, which seemed full of smothered passion or grief—"I have heard that you would never yield to a single man." The Squire's blood boiled at the implied taunt, but yet the pistol was terribly near his head, and he felt that in such case neither strength nor courage can always win the victory.

"Nor would I yield to you," he said—he knew not what prompted him—"not to you alone; but that other fellow looking over your shoulder."

The robber started shudderingly and turned. Swift as lightning the Squire aimed his own pistol and fired.

For a moment the moorland seemed illumined; out of the fiendish brightness came a light, sharp, almost girlish shriek. A second more all was dark and quiet, and the Squire realized that he stood alone in the dim moonlight with a dead man at his feet.

A stern man was Latimer Coran, of Coran, and he was not to be brought to a pause on his journey because he had chanced to slay a thief. Nor was it the awe and horror of bloodshed which blanching and flushed his cheek as he rode on. No, his rigid justice argued that the man deserved his death, only it was not meet that such a he should have betrayed an honorable gentleman to death. For he knew that he had verified his boast and saved himself—by a lie!

That haunted him as he stood in the grim chamber of Wrottel Clock-house and saw the last of his old friend, the county magistrate. He dispatched no one to the dead robber—time enough for that when he returned in the morning.

Then he took officers of justice with him, and these, respecting his position and the depression in which he seemed plunged, walked quietly side by side, a little way behind his horse. At last they reached the spot where the dead body had taken place. To their astonishment a little group of people was gathered about, and as they drew near they heard a sound of lamentation, and the Squire saw his own lively servants, one of them holding the bridle of a riderless horse. They turned startled white faces to him as he rode up, and were silent.

"What is the matter?" he demanded, imperiously.

"Oh! he canna be dead! the bonnie laddie!" sobbed an old Scotch groom.

"Some one has shot Mr. Hugh," said two or three at once.

"It must have been a duel," said some one, "for the young master has his own pistol with him."

The Squire pushed his horse through the crowd. On the blood-stained heath lay his antagonist of the night before—his own young grandson—the back of his head completely shattered and stains of blood on his fair, boyish face. The steward knelt by the corpse, disengaging the pistol from the stiff grasp of the dead. He looked at it with wondering, bewildered eyes, and said: "It has never been loaded!"

Then the old Squire understood it all; he understood that his boastful, provoking words had aggravated Hugh to put his courage to the test in the hope of convincing him that there is no trial of bravery between an honest man and a robber. And the Squire understood also that that had, unloaded pistol—what he had seemed, he, the Honorable Coran of Coran, had only escaped by a lie!

"I did it!" he said, gloomily, and the two deferential officers of justice came and stood at either side of Latimer Coran, and his own servants fell back in horror and dismay. Alas! for the twice-bereaved woman waiting and weeping, and as yet hoping, in the proud old castle towers!

Latimer Coran was spared the ignominy of a trial—he did not even live to hear that the Coroner's jury returned a verdict of "misadventure." The stout old heart was broken.

Hugh's funeral was delayed but a single day that his grandfather and he, "the last of the Corans," might be buried together. Their names, the murderer and the murdered, were written on one tablet. Not a word was said of their ancient and honorable lineage, nor of the tragedy in which both lives closed—only their names and their ages, the old man and the boy, and the text:

"Fathers, provoke not your children to anger."

Cause of the Zulu War.

The Zulu war has sprung from a dispute over the boundary between the Transvaal and Zululand and various depredations on the borders by Cetuywayo, King of the Zulus. The boundary was settled by arbitration last year, and in the award Sir Bartle Frere, after recapitulating all that had previously occurred in connection therewith, decided that in future the boundary is to be the Pongolo on the north to its source, and the Blood river from its source to its junction with the Tugela at Kork's drift on the east. The small line of country between the sources of these two rivers is to be surveyed and marked off in a straight line from one to the other. The award ends with a declaration—very distinct and peremptory—that any intrusion over these bounds on the part of any of the Zulu tribes will be deemed an act hostile to the British Government, and one for which Cetuywayo shall be held responsible. Hostile demonstrations having continued on the frontier, an ultimatum was sent to Cetuywayo through Sir Henry Bulwer, Lieutenant Governor of Natal, in December last.

Thirty days were given for a response to the British demands at the end of which (about Jan. 1) they were rejected, and Cetuywayo assembled 8,000 fighting men on the border. The total strength of his fighting force is said to be about 44,000 men. The forces under Lord Chelmsford number about 6,000 or 7,000 men.

THISTLE tea is used in Texas to cure the heart disease.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

Graphic Description of a Mexican Bull-Fight—Five Persons Gored to Death. (From the San Francisco Chronicle.)

It was a splendid animal, well knit, strong and powerful. It seemed to comprehend the situation at once, for with a loud tone it bellowed forth its defiance to its antagonist, and then, with head lowered to the ground, commenced pawing the earth and giving demonstrations of speedily commencing the combat. The attendants waved their red flags before it, and irritated it still more by prodding it with their sharp-pointed lances. Our hero closely watched its every movement with keen and intense interest, evidently aware that it might make a sudden rush at any moment. With a roar that appeared to shake the very earth, and that certainly threw terror into every heart in that audience, it sprang forward, lowering its head with the design of tossing the Mexican into the air; but the attempt was a failure, for he sprang quickly to one side, and, goading with his staff the now-incensed animal into a state of fury as it passed him, nerved himself for the more serious part of the conflict. I admired his fearlessness, and saw that he was a man of daring courage that would never falter in any emergency.

Two or three times the bull renewed the attack with no better result, and every time he escaped the lunge of the animal, the audience shouted and cheered loudly, appearing to have overcome the presentiment of evil, and having full confidence in his ability to win the victory whenever he chose to do so. It would hardly be credited that the countenance of a bull could vary in its expression, but it certainly appeared as if intense rage and demoniacal hate stood out upon every hair on its face, and the more it was baffled in its attempts to gore its intended victim, the deeper and wilder became that expression of vicious propensity. One of the attendants gave the bull a more severe thrust than he intended to do, when it turned so suddenly upon him that, before he could evade the attack, the animal had him upon its horns, and, ripping the body open with the exertion, tossed him high in the air, while his blood spouted out upon its face. The man fell with a heavy thud upon the soil, and in an instant the bull was goring him again. In vain the others tried to divert its attention from the man, or endeavored to rescue their fallen companion from his terrible fate. In less time than it requires to narrate the episode the poor fellow was a lifeless corpse.

It was a soul-sickening sight. Some of the women fainted at once, while the others screamed in terror and horror at the scene. All this commotion, combined with the scent of fresh blood, wrought the bull into a state of frenzy, and it swept around and across the inclosure with such violence and rapidity that the men could with difficulty escape from its rushing attacks. The cry was given to open the gate and let the bull pass out into the stall in which it had been kept, but the gate-keeper had become too terrified to understand the order or to perform his duty, and the gate remained closed. The nerve of my guide never faltered for an instant, but, seeing the terror of the others, and witnessing the fury of the animal, he drew his long knife and calmly awaited the next rush to make the fatal thrust that should terminate the existence of the bull and the scene of excitement. Once more the bull swooped down toward him, and he stood ready to strike the knife into its neck, but, as he attempted to spring back and let the bull pass by him before doing so, his foot slipped, and he was at once impaled upon the horns of the beast, and in a moment his lifeless body fell within a few feet of his dead comrade.

The excitement of the crowd now reached the most intense point; it amounted to actual agony. For a moment they were spell-bound by terror, and gave utterance to piercing shrieks and cries. Then several shots were fired at the bull, none of which took serious effect, but only appeared to increase its madness and its ire. Suddenly the bull, now blinded with rage and maddened by the wounds it had received, dashed against the thorny barrier of the pitahaya, and, breaking through it, rushed among the terrified multitude upon the outside of the inclosure. The crowd scattered in all directions, and the bull tossed or trampled upon all who were in its way as it rushed toward the open plain. There were three others killed outright, and several seriously wounded. Heart-sick with the horrible scene, I blended with the people that were seeking their homes. When drawing near a group that surrounded one of those killed upon the outside, above the wallings of the crowd there rose upon the air the shrill, agonized cry of a heart-broken woman, and, as the group made way, I saw lying upon the ground one of the animal's victims, while its mother was kneeling over it. It was the first-born of a fond father I had before noticed, the bull having tossed the neighbor who had it in his arms and killed them both at the same time. I would not for the possession of the entire Mexican republic witness another such bullfight.

A Rival to the Bicycle.

The newspaper carrier who serves papers to the attendants in the Permanent Exhibition building goes his rounds at the rate of twelve miles an hour. He travels on machines not unlike roller-skates, which are called pedomotors, according to the inventor. The day is not far distant, predicts the Philadelphia Record, when the whole city will be on wheels, when pedestrians will be skimming through the streets at the rate of ten miles an hour, without more effort than is now put forth in perambulating half that distance. The pedomotor consists of four tough, light, wooden wheels, supplied with an outer rim of tough india-rubber. These wheels are secured to a frame the shape of the foot, which is strapped to the pedal extremities in the usual manner. Unlike roller-skates, the wheels of these little vehicles are not under, but are

placed on each side of the foot, thus giving the wearer a good standing, as well as a solid footing. The rear wheels are 3 inches in diameter, while those in front are but 2 1/2 inches. This gives the foot a slight incline, and when in motion has much to do in impelling the pedestrian forward. Extending from the toe, with a slight cant toward the ground, is a piece of casting termed the pusher, which is simply used in mounting an elevation or steep incline. From the center of the heel a small brass wheel extends backward, serving as a guide as well as a brake. The whole scarcely turns the scale at a pound weight. In using them, no more effort is required than in ordinary walking. The wearer steps with his regular stride, and is amazed to find himself skimming over the ground so rapidly with so little muscular effort. Mr. Hobbs, the inventor, explains the mystery of the rapid movement in this manner: A man whose stride is 32 inches will traverse 48 inches, or one-half further, with the pedomotor. This is because the body is in constant motion. For instance, says he, the traveler starts, and while he raises one foot to step he continues rapidly onward until that foot is set down and the other raised to make another step. This gives him more momentum and away he goes over the two miles in the time taken to accomplish a mile with the feet. No effort of the body is required for their use, as in skates. The traveler simply puts one foot before the other, and finds himself whizzed along at a lively rate.—Scientific American.

Burmah.

His Great, Glorious, and Most Excellent Majesty over land and water, Lord of the Celestial Elephant, Master of many White Elephants, Possessor of many Descriptions of Arms, and the Fifth Founder of Religion—otherwise Thee-Baw, King of Burmah—has, as the cable informs us, been getting into trouble by murdering all the royal Princes and their families, turning out the despotic ways of his Great, Glorious, and Most Excellent predecessors. His father died on the 11th of September last, though the fact of his death was kept a secret for some time till Thee-Baw could establish himself at the capital, Mandalay. The situation was by no means assuring, so many pretenders were there to the crown, among them the ex-King, overthrown in 1853, the elder sons of the dead monarch, his nephews, children of his brother and heir who was assassinated in 1867, and two rebel Princes who had fled to India, but awaited occasion to return and renew their rebellion. Two of Thee-Baw's brothers, dreading assassination, fled to the British Residency at Mandalay, thence made their way to Rangoon, and finally with their suite were taken to Calcutta, where they are now living pensioners in a modest way on the Indian Government. The other royal Princes, less fortunate, to the number of about twenty-five, were heavily ironed hand and foot and placed in prison, being released only a few hours when, under a strong guard, they were taken to the palace, where the dead King lay in state, to make obeisance to the corpse and furnish each a lock of hair with which before burial his hands and legs were to be tied.

The Burmese are a people of few vices and many virtues, and as quick to catch new ideas and as apt to assimilate them as the Japanese. Their civilization, though imperfect, is in many respects high. In boldness and breadth of design, perfection of structure, and magnificence of decoration, some of their temples and palaces need hardly fear comparison with European piles. For money they use lumps of gold, silver, and lead, weighed and assayed whenever they change hands, at a cost of 2 1/2 per cent., surely a sufficient tax on commerce, even leaving out the interest rate, which is 25 per cent. on mortgage and 60 on personal security. The exports are almost entirely raw, consisting chiefly of cotton, feathers, swallows' nests, horns of the rhinoceros and deer, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, amber, rice, and salt.

Burmah is, at present, one of the finest fields for commercial enterprise in the world, any keen capitalist might soon and profitably discover.

As for the people themselves, they smoke incessantly but are strictly temperate; they are idle because a day's work provides a week's expenses, though when employed they are industrious and willing. Serious crimes are rare among them, and they have neither beggars nor paupers; they are almost Irish in their vivacity and sense of fun, and quite English in their passion for such amusements as horse-racing and boat-racing, cock-fighting, betting, boxing, wrestling, and foot-ball; and finally they have a great popular theater, where the drama is "relieved by the ballet."

A Mississippi Shooting-Bee.

In the annals of deadly affrays in this State we know of no occurrence so fatal in its results as that which occurred on board the steamer Sunflower, while lying at Johnsonville, the county seat of Sunflower county. The particulars, as near as we can gather them, are about as follows: About ten days ago Col. D. A. Holman, while in Johnsonville, on entering Dr. W. L. Lowry's store, was accosted by Dr. Lowry, who ordered Holman out, remarking, it is said, that Holman was no gentleman, and did not keep his word, or something to that effect. Holman departed, saying in substance that he would see Lowry again. On the morning of the affair Col. Holman engaged passage on the steamer Sunflower for Vicksburg, accompanied by his father-in-law, Dr. G. C. Walker. The boat arrived at Johnsonville some what earlier than usual, and Col. Holman and Dr. Walker together went on shore, but in a short time returned. Perhaps a half hour later, Dr. Lowry, as was usual with him, came on the boat to transact his business, and, while entering the cabin, was caught, so it is said, by the left arm or back, by Col. Holman, who turned Lowry half way around, and, putting his pistol to his breast, fired. Lowry started down the cabin, but instantly turned, and, seeing his clerk, John C. Arnold, start from his

chair—being shaved at the time—said: "Kill him, John, kill him; he has shot me." Arnold ran out of the door to attack Holman, and Lowry, walking to the cabin door, cocked his pistol and fired at Holman. At the same instant of time, perceiving Dr. Walker with a pistol in hand, he pointed his pistol at Walker with deadly effect, Walker falling and expiring almost without a struggle. Lowry then walked back in the cabin, staggering, and fell, and in about two minutes expired also. In the meantime Arnold and Holman were fighting outside the cabin, Arnold receiving a wound in the chest, and died shortly after being removed from the boat, Col. Holman being wounded in the left arm and side, but to what extent could not be ascertained, as the boat left shortly afterward. The affair is deeply regretted, as all the parties engaged are very highly respected. Dr. Lowry was a brother of Gen. Robert Lowry, and leaves a widow and six children. Arnold was a brother of Judge Arnold, of Columbus, Miss., Col. Holman being a prominent and talented lawyer, and respected in the community in which he lives.

Dr. Walker was one of the oldest residents of the county, and we believe had no enemies. Col. Holman, the only survivor, was immediately arrested.—Vicksburg Herald.

HOT WORDS IN THE SENATE.

The Passage Between Senators Conkling and Burnside.

It was during an executive session and the cause of the disturbance was an unimportant Collectorship in which Gen. Burnside was interested. This appointment had been referred to the Commerce Committee, of which Conkling was Chairman, and an adverse report made upon it. Mr. Conkling on several occasions had asked to take up this report and dispose of the case, but Gen. Burnside had repeatedly asked that it be laid over. So, when Mr. Conkling arose and said that he was tired of delay in this case, and that at the next session he should move for its prompt consideration, Gen. Burnside sprang to his feet and began an attack upon the report of the committee, and denying that he had asked for any delay. He mumbled his words so at first that few could hear what he was saying. The story of what followed is thus narrated:

Mr. Conkling in particular appeared anxious to hear, and, crossing over very near to Gen. Burnside, said, in a slightly arrogant way: "What do you say? I don't understand you!"

Gen. Burnside flushed red to the eyes, thinking that Mr. Conkling was desirous of interrupting him, and he abruptly raised his right hand, warning off Mr. Conkling, as he said: "I decline to yield; I decline to allow you to say a word, sir, until I have finished what I am saying." His manner was the height of discourtesy, and Mr. Conkling returned abruptly to his seat and waited until he said down.

Then Mr. Conkling stood up and immediately the Senators turned their attention to him. A few crossed over to seats near him. Mr. Conkling was perfectly cool and self-possessed. His manner did not betray the slightest irritation. In his most sarcastic tones he said that he had generally believed that the Senators observed in their ordinary usage the courtesy that was due between gentlemen. It was a subject of deep, heartfelt regret with him that the Senator from Rhode Island had forgotten to use even the courtesy of a gentleman. However much of a struggle it might have been over his ordinary nature, he had approached the representative of the proud and cultivated intellect of Rhode Island with what he had thought was the proper amount of deference. The gifted Senator's discourse, he said, was uttered in that key that had made his valued utterances unintelligible to his patient admirers. He, the humblest of his admirers, had presumed to timidly ask what train of thought, or what statement of fact, had been presented by the gifted Senator, and when repelled by boorish brutality he could but charitably hope that the gifted Senator was not really himself. He would add that the gifted Senator from Rhode Island was as much mistaken in his assertion of facts as he was in his lack of manners. He asked in season and out of season that this nomination be postponed, and it had been out of pure courtesy to the gifted Senator's request that this postponement had been made.

Such talk as this aggravated Gen. Burnside nearly into a fit of womanly hysterics. He blushed, stammered, bowed, and hemmed, and the moment Mr. Conkling sat down he was promptly on his feet. Mr. Conkling had been very careful in his language to keep entirely within parliamentary bounds. Gen. Burnside completely lost control of himself, and at once got rapped across the knuckles by the Chair, who called him to order. Gen. Burnside was very angry as he asserted that what Mr. Conkling had said was not true. He did not give the lie direct, but so plainly insinuated it that Mr. Hoar called him to order.

Mr. Conkling paid no further attention to Gen. Burnside. He deliberately trimmed his nails as Burnside floundered on, saying that he had never asked this nomination to be laid over, and anyone who said so had stated what was untrue.

A Naval Cadet in Disgrace.

At the semi-annual examination of the cadet midshipmen at the Naval Academy, recently closed, one of the cadets of the second class asked permission to leave the room, and, while out, it is said, he secreted a book, with which he was assisted in the examination. Some of his classmates, in view of the oath administered to all on such occasions, "not to seek, receive or give assistance from any quarter whatever," on learning of the action of the cadet, were very indignant at his conduct, and it is understood the class will request the young man to resign at once and thereby save the dishonor attending his dismissal should the authorities hear of the matter. The cadet is from New York State.

A DEER bargain—Buying a stag.

FAREWELL.

The west wind, laden with fragrance, blows;
The dewdrops shine in the crimson rose;
Is there something yet to tell?
Ay, while must pass, and dewdrops fall;
Naught that is gone can we recall;
So now, dear love, farewell!

Sweet lips prattle and laugh and sing;
White arms tenderly, closely cling;
Is there something sad to tell?
Ay, the sweet lips shall silent be,
And the arms unclasp in their agony;
So now, dear love, farewell!

Then is there nothing that God has made
That will not one day fall or fade?
O, poet, in mercy tell!
Ay, love shall reign in these hearts of ours,
When eyes and lips and wind-waved flowers
Have known their last farewell!

For love is purer than dewdrops are;
The winds go never so wide or far;
And none may truly tell
How, when the close-curtain is gone,
And words are silent, true love lives on,
Near to say farewell!

WIT AND HUMOR.

GROWING fat—Raising a hog.

A GRATE discovery—Nutmeg.

A REGULAR stayer—The cooper.

You can go on the stage at New York now for 5 cents.

PORK is the staple of Cincinnati, but New York's got him.

BAR-RELLED—Drinking in a sample-room to drown sorrow.

DRAWERS of cheeks and drawers of cigars are known by their stubs.

THE man who said he was "out on a lark" was really out on a swallow.

A MAN will sometimes tell a few natural lies when he goes to naturalize.

SOME men who can walk a match at one time can't walk a crack at other times.

"COME listen to my tail," said the dog, as he thumped his appendage on the floor.

ALMOST all of us are generous to a fault, if the fault happens to be our own.

WHEN longing for a "nice rain," do you ever realize that an ice rain is a hail-storm?

A FELLOW full of Bourbon, like a rickety old building, is in a tumble-down condition.

AN Irishman says that railroad conductors are "rail gentlemen." And we guess they are.

"I've got him tight," chuckled the "saloonist," as he "assisted" a customer to the sidewalk.

WE know a fisherman who is said to be crazy, but we are prepared to prove that he is a seine man.

WHEN the Coroner cannot find his writing materials, why then he holds a Coroner's ink quest.

It seems absurd to say that sick men are often handsome, when, as everybody knows, they are always ill-looking fellows.

"CAN'T something be done," asks a charming little prude, "to civil-eyes those young savages who stare so rudely at pretty women?"

SPEAKING of generosity, you wouldn't call a man who has gouged a piece out of the bottom of his foot a whole-soled fellow, would you?

It is a fact fully understood by railroad men that the lines having the most long tunnels on the route secure the bulk of the bridal-tour trade.

A MAN who captured a pair of crows, which subsequently escaped, says that, from that moment, he could think of nothing but the "Lost Caws."

HERE is another method of reversing the situation:

The dairy-maid pensively milked the goat, and pointing she paused to mutter, "I wish, you brute, you would turn to milk," and the animal turned to butt her.

A PROFESSOR in Cornell, lecturing on the effect of the wind in some Western forests, remarked: "In traveling along the road I even sometimes found the logs bound and twisted together to such an extent that a mule couldn't climb over them; so I went round."

A WAG brought a horse driven by a young man to a stop in the street by the word "Whoa," and said to the driver, "That's a fine horse you have there." "Yes," answered the young man, "but he has one fault; he was formerly owned by a butcher, and always stops when he hears a calf bleat."

"Why is that like the nags themselves?" said an attenuated man, pointing to the vapor that rose from a pair of panting ponies the other day. "Because it travels fast?" "No," replied a bystander. "Nay, neigh," replied the a.m., as he dodged behind the wagon; "it's because it's steam of horses."

"I KNOW where there is another arm just as pretty as this one," said a young fellow to his sweetheart, as he pinched her fair arm the other evening. The storm that gathered upon the lady's brow as quickly passed away when the young man pinched the other arm and said, "It is this one, dear."

DENVER Tribune: "They tell me Leadville is pretty high up," remarked a Denverite to a visitor from the carbonate field. "High up," ejaculated the other, "well I should say. The air is so thin that you've got to fan it in a corner to get a square breath. Why, I live sorter in a valley, but many a time when I went home at night I had to push a cloud from the front door to get in."

"YOUR daughter has treated me very curt—" And the young man was lifted up by the parental boot from the door of his girl's house to the middle of the horse-car track. He arose as quick as he could, and mildly explained that he hadn't finished the word, which was "courteously." And Alphonso was taken under the inhospitable roof once more, had his pantaloons mended, was done up in salve, and then sent home to his ma in a hack. Thus is true greatness rewarded and impetuosity rebuked.

MARY'S CHILL.

Mary had a little chill
Which gave her hoarse of pain;
And, when she tried to shake that chill,
It shook her back again.
It followed her to school-room days,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh to see
Poor Mary shake in school.
And so the teacher sent her home,
And bade her take some tea.
To reconstruct her system and
To dissipate the bile.
What makes poor Mary have the chills
And shake so awful bad?
Why don't she take a gross of pills
And wear a live pad?
—St. Louis Times-Journal.